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COMMENDABLE CAUTION.

She: IT MAY BE I HAVE YELLOW FEVER, HENRY; I THINK WE HAD BETTER SEND FOR DR. PILLSBURY.

He: WHY, MY LOVE, I WOULDN'T SEND FOR HIM. YOU KNOW HE IS COLOR-BLIND.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII. NOVEMBER 22, 1888. NO. 308.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. and XI., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the great pulpit athlete of Brooklyn, discoursed on Sunday concerning the devil. In the process of printing the moral that adorned his tale, he had occasion to picture the scene in Heaven when the sons of God were assembled, as related in that section of the Scriptures devoted to the misfortunes of a certain patriarch, who would not hold his present reputation if he had sat long under Dr. Talmage's preaching. The reverend gentleman, taking his text from the first chapter of Job, in which the intrusion of Satan among the angels is mentioned, described the Lord and the seraphim gathered in the business office of Paradise, the former receiving the reports of the latter. One of these angels, according to the great athlete, had "seen a meteor run down a planet," and another "had been present and witnessed the birth of a new world;" and it was while they were relating these wonderful experiences to their startled friends, still according to Dr. Talmage, that "a filthy, unkempt, vagabond-looking fellow strode unceremoniously into the august assembly, without taking the trouble to wipe his feet," said fellow being Satan.

WHY this vulgar and flippant twaddle should "go" with Dr. Talmage's congregations we are unaware; but it is not creditable either to their piety or intelligence that they should crowd his church for amusement of this nature. If a person out of holy orders ventured to picture God and his angels recording accidents to the solar system, and the devil intruding among them with a top hat pulled down over his eyes, a bad cigar in his mouth, and the end of his tail in his coat pocket, that person would be considered not only irreverent, but blasphemous; and yet such a scene is no more sacrilegious than Dr. Talmage's. And why should grown people go to hear the Brooklyn athlete's weak efforts to picture a material Heaven, when every intelligent person among them knows that the man in the pulpit has no

more an accurate conception of Paradise than the man who is mixing drinks in the next block?

IT is somewhat of a new departure in ecclesiastical history when two eminent divines select a popular novel for the subject of their sermons, The Rev. E. C. Bolles and the Rev. Heber Newton have discoursed from their respective pulpits upon "Robert Elsmere," and with widely different results. Dr. Bolles, at his church in West Eleventh Street, had something to say, and said it eloquently and with decision. His hearers listened to a clean-cut, instructive commentary on the book, and were enabled to draw a wholesome moral from it. Dr. Newton had nothing to say, and said it in many words, and with excessive caution. Evidently his congregation is not old enough yet to be trusted with two sides of a question.

WELL, we are not to have Mr. Hewitt for Mayor for the next two years, and we are to have Mr. Grant, an honest man, it is said, but a Tammany politician, with all that that implies. So far as New York City is concerned the issue of the election could not have been much more disastrous to good government. Our Mayor represents the spoils system for a spoils organization; our Governor represents the worst element of democracy, and our President is going to be ruled by the Republican ring, that is conducted by James G. Blaine. It is a comforting thought, however, that even in these circumstances, the politicians cannot ruin the country.

WE recently alluded in these columns to an attempt by Messrs. White & Allen to deceive the public and injure ourselves by issuing an imitation of the "Good Things of Life." Our injunction has been sustained, and in giving his decision, Judge Barrett refers to this imitation as follows:

"This book is a reproduction of pictures and underlinings from another journal, but the name of that journal is not given. It is plain that the defendants' object is to make people believe that their book is a continuation of the plaintiffs' publication, and that it contains spicy extracts from the weekly journal LIFE. I have examined the specimens carefully, and am persuaded that the word LIFE is not used by the defendants in its ordinary, general sense, and that the statement to that effect is a pretense. Looking at the specimens, and considering the affidavits in connection therewith, it is clear that the defendants mean people to understand that they are publishing the spice of the newspaper LIFE—in other words, the good things of the newspaper LIFE—and it is equally clear that people do so understand, and are being deceived.

"The variation in the defendants' book and title is just sufficient to give color to their claim of originality and good faith, but insufficient to give substance thereto."



AN AZTEC FRAGMENT.

SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A WIFE SUGGESTING THE HOUR TO HER HUSBAND ON HIS RETURN FROM A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

A FATAL BLOW.

THE placid calm of an utterly imbecilic afternoon brooded over the Whippersnapper Club with somnolescent softness. Not a single idea had been uttered in the club parlor since the stroke of twelve, when young Cubleigh had aroused himself to the supreme effort of remarking that it was "Noon, bay Jawve!" The members in the window sat sucking their cane-heads, with eyes so nearly closed that they might have passed for blind men to the passers-by on Fifth Avenue. The members in the parlor sat sucking their cigarettes and staring at nothing, with the gentle glare that characterizes the eye of a codfish expiring ecstatically on a fishmonger's slab. Gentility, and the vast intellectual coma inseparable from gentility in the Whippersnapper Club, had set their seals upon the club and claimed its passive company for their own.

Suddenly the perfect restfulness of this superior scene was rudely disturbed. In the flagged hallway sounded the flap and creak of boots which could never have been constructed to flap so insolently or creak so disdainfully outside a cordwainer's shop, and E. Vanderberry Gall, Esq., bent by the weight of his newest cane, staggered into the room and sank into a chair.

"Well," gasped Mr. Gall, "by Devil!"

The effect of this awful imprecation was that of an electric shock. It was a well-known fact in the Whippersnapper Club that when Mr. E. Vanderberry Gall aroused himself to the exertion of swearing, something must be up, indeed.

"Deah boy!" protested Mr. Flobson, who considers himself Mr. Gall's best friend, in imploring accents.

Mr. Gall closed his teeth, opened them again, and with an accent of determination repeated:

"Yaas, by Devil!"

"Deah boy!" repeated Flobson. "Oh, come now, I saay, deah boy!"

"Ged!" gasped Mr. Cubleigh, when Mr. Gall made no response to even this pathetic appeal. "It must be a cwushaw to fetch Bewy so dooced hard!"

"Haw," replied Mr. Gall, "it's a twip-hammaw, by Devil! A twip-hammaw!"

And he held out to the startled company a small slip of paper bearing some printed characters upon it. Mr. Snobson, who happened to be nearest to him, took it, glanced at it, and turned as pale as if it had been a tailor's bill.

"Hay," he exclaimed, "bay Jawve, I say!"

"Yaas," replied Mr. Gall, "bay Jawve!"

The slip of paper was now making a tour of the company, its progress punctuated by exclamations of disgust, horror and despair.

"Dayvil of a thing, hay?" remarked Mr. Gall.

The club gave it as its united opinion that it was "cussed, beastly fawm," and demanded to know where Mr. Gall had found it.

"My fellow found it," replied Mr. Gall, "found it in a newspapaw, bay Jawve! Cut it out and wead it to me, bay Jawve!"

"Bay Jawve!" said the club, in a fine unison of high-bred amazement. "Oh, come now, bay Jawve!"

"Yaas," repeated Mr. Gall, firmly, "bay Jawve!"

"But what the dayvil," demanded Mr. Snobson, "is a fellow to do, bay Jawve, if any beastly low cad can get the stwaight tip, bay Jawve, faw thirty cents, bay Jawve, whether he's a membaw aw not, bay Jawve?"

Mr. Gall replied, "Nawthing," in a very weary voice, and Mr. Flobson called a servant to post the startling slip on the blackboard, where every one might read it and know that the bolt had fallen at last. And there it is posted in this hideous and revolting shape, a silent yet eloquent testimonial to the base commercial instincts of the time.

JUST READY. HINTS ABOUT MEN'S DRESS.

RIGHT PRINCIPLES ECONOMICALLY APPLIED,

BY A NEW YORK CLUBMAN.

18mo, parchment paper. Price, 30 cents.

A useful manual, especially for young men desirous of dressing economically, and yet according to the canons of good taste.

The club was called in general session that evening to a conference with closed doors. The suggestion that the damaging volume might have been compiled by a member of the Whippersnapper having been happily refuted by the production of evidence that there was no man in the Whippersnapper capable of writing even a thirty-cent book, a council upon means of combating the influence of the anonymous monster's work was entered upon. The suggestions being all in, Mr. E. Vanderberry Gall was called upon as the most representative member in point of debts, dress and dullness, for his casting vote. Mr. Gall accepted his responsibility with the heroic calmness of resignation.

"Theah is only one thing faw us to do," said he, with the tremor of deep feeling in his voice. "When ewevy cad in New Yaww is as well dweessed as we aw, we shall—aw," and his voice faltered with natural emotion, "we shall—aw—have—aw—yaas, bay Jawve! we shall—aw—have to not dwess at all!"

And bursting into convulsive sobs he fell into Mr. Flobson's arms, while the club adopted his resolution, *nem. con.*

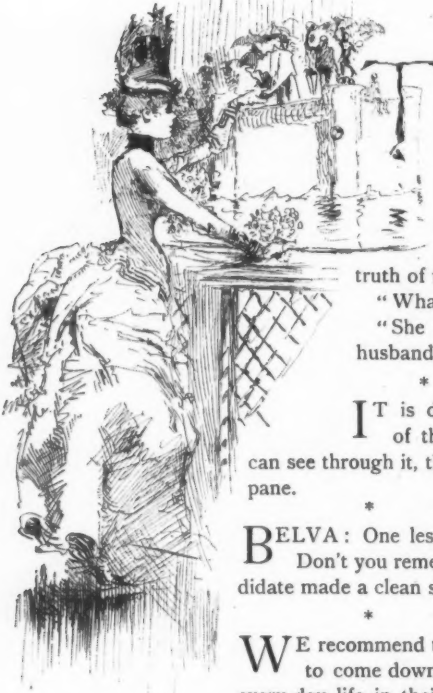
The Snob.



PLACARD FOR ANGLOMANIACS.

WITH reverence view this token—
This—aw—thing with single glass;
For none hath like it spoken
Since the days of Balaam's ass.

GERMANY is progressing rapidly in her efforts to de-Galicize the language. For instance, the army no longer refers to the night patrol as the *patrouille*, but as the *truppentheilennachtigspaziergang*, which, we are sure, is a far more impressive word.

CONCERNING
AMATEURS.

HERE'S Mrs. Van Gorn. I hear she is going on to the stage when she returns from Europe."

"I don't believe it—in fact, proof positive exists against the truth of the report."

"What is that?"

"She is still living with her husband."

IT is doubtless a knowledge of the fact that every one can see through it, that causes the window pane.

BELVA: One lesson is enough for us. Don't you remember when Eve's candidate made a clean sweep of Paradise?

WE recommend the Equal Rights party to come down to the plain prose of every-day life in their next campaign. As they have no luck with romantic Belvas and Lindas and Cynthias, it might be well to try some simple Mary Ann or Eliza Jane.

RAINING cats and dogs is surely no worse than hailing strangers.

AN ENTRY IN OUR DIARY.

NOVEMBER 7TH—The Country licked by the liquor.

THE circumstance that the last victim of the White-chapel murderer was heard singing "Sweet Violets" just before she met her death, at once solves the mystery that has thrown London into uproar and changes the status of the gentleman who assisted her to shuffle off the mortal coil from that of a monster to that of an enlightened philanthropist. It will doubtless be discovered that the seven former victims of the gentleman were addicted to nefarious melodies of the same nature that proved fatal to the last, so that the Whitechapel paranoiac deserves to walk down the vista of immortality arm-in-arm with Florence Nightingale and those others whose mission in life has been to minister to the happiness of mankind.

NOW that a new President has been elected, the next most important office to be filled is that of Private Secretary, and already the name of the prospective occupant of this proud position is heard in the land. And we are not sure that it is not preferable to be the Private Secretary rather than the President. The Private Secretary has just as much personal glory as the Chief Executive: he can sass great men, and the President will stand by him; the opposition papers will assert that he writes the messages to Congress; his personal friends will believe that he is the power behind the throne: he travels in private cars, and gets his name in all the newspapers; the reporters refer to him as the "handsome young Secretary," although he may be nearer fifty than forty; the waiters in the restaurants are humble and obsequious; he goes fishing with the President, and he does not have to work half as hard or be called half as many hard names. Yes, it is better to be right than President, and better to be Secretary than right.

A BOSTON woman who bought a carpet ten days ago in Chicago, sent it back yesterday. The pattern was so loud it woke up the baby.

JUDGING by the number of knots it makes the fleetest ship afloat seems to be courtship.

IF the professional walking-match fiends could only be induced to perform on a treadmill, it would save the world a good deal of wasted energy. But then, you can never draw a crowd to look at any work that's useful.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,069.08
"The Peanut"	5.00
Total	\$6,074.08



THE WRONG ONE.

Clara: JACK, CAN YOU RETURN MY LOVE?
Jack (who has an "understanding" with Clara's sister): CLARA, I CANNOT, BUT I WILL ALWAYS BE A
BROTHER-IN-LAW TO YOU.



HIS MISTAKE.

La Fiancée: DO YOU KNOW, CLARENCE DEAR, THAT WHEN YOU GAVE ME YOUR FIRST KISS I WAS SO ASTONISHED THAT I NEARLY WENT CRAZY!

Clarence: AH, YES, DARLING! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO GIVE YOU ONLY ONE.



MIDDLE-STATE REALISM.

RECENTLY we alluded, in this column, to the valuable work which a group of young Americans is doing in the careful study of the local history and political development of cities, counties and States. The monographs which have been written are works of affection and patriotism, which will grow in value as the years separate us from the sources of knowledge now available.

Of equal importance in preserving an accurate picture of the strange conditions which prevailed when States were making, and the foundations of a wonderful civilization were being laid, are the stories and novels which an earnest group of fiction-writers is producing. The New England and Southern "schools" have received more than their share of recognition, and the California and mining-camp contingent have been working so long as to create a type of story which has become stale and unprofitable.

But these surround (like a great horseshoe with its heels on the Atlantic coast and its toe on the Pacific) a wide territory which has been almost neglected by story-writers. It

includes the Middle Atlantic, and Ohio and Mississippi Valley States. It is true that Edward Eggleston gave us "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" many years ago, and Bayard Taylor wrote some novels of Eastern Pennsylvania. These were sporadic. Craddock was the forerunner of a new group, adding Eastern Tennessee to the novelist's domain. Then came E. W. Howe in Kansas, Octave Thanet in Arkansas, Harold Frederic in Central New York, James Whitcomb Riley in Indiana (with dialect sketches in both prose and verse), Howard Pyle in Delaware, and George Alfred Townsend in the "Eastern Shore" region of Maryland—all doing careful work in the study of local character and tradition. Hamlin Garland, a new writer, has published several short stories of life in a prairie town, which are true and sympathetic pictures of pioneer life. About a year ago Joseph Kirkland joined the group of "Middle State Realists" with a story of Illinois, entitled "Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County." Its appreciative reception has warranted him in publishing a sequel—"The McVeys" (Houghton).

* * *

"THE MCVEYS" deals with "humble life in a prairie town" as "Zury" did with "still humbler life in a purely farming locality." These stories make us familiar with the homely conditions which produced a man like Lincoln. The thorough acquaintance of men in every calling and grade of work with each other saved them from becoming, as a class, narrow and nonprogressive in a very simple community. One can see how sympathy and charity were developed, of that broad kind which is only vigorous self-help, with what Lincoln would have called "a boost" from your neighbor when circumstances threaten to overcome you. It is faith that this "boost" will be forthcoming in a crisis which makes us a nation of optimists.

* * *

THE life of which the *McVey* family is the centre is honest, clean, independent, helpful, and hopeful. That is something worth saying of any community, and it is about all that can be said in favor of "Springville." The things which it is *not* are legion: it is not beautiful, refined, or interesting; perhaps an Eastern critic would be safe in saying that it lacks "dignity and distinction," for others have ventured to apply that criticism to the East. Mr. Kirkland has shown in his story that it is possible for life to be worth living without these things; and that is a good deal, for most of us must take life in just that way.

This must not be considered an apology for the prevailing American sin of "mediocrity." It is only a plea for a fuller recognition of the hopeful American spirit which makes possible something better than mediocrity.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

BRENTANO'S ROMANTIC LIBRARY. *Jellatina*. By Théophile Gautier. *A Noble Sacrifice*. By Paul Féval. And *The Black Pearl*. By Victorien Sardou. New York: Brentano's.
From Moore Isles. By Jessie Fothergill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Ireland Under Coercion. By Wm. H. Hurlbert. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Casinir Maremma. By Arthur Helps. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



TOO MUCH.

"AN YEZ LOOKS OUT O' SORTS THIS MORNIN', MRS. DACEY.
 "AN' ENOUGH TO MAKE ME, MRS. GROGAN. LAST WEEK I LOST ME HUSBAN' AND THIS WEEK TWO GOATS. THE LOSS OF THE OULD MAN WAS PRETTY BAD, BUT GOATS IS HIGH IN PRICE, MRS. GROGAN, VERY HIGH!"

Our Recent Actors. By Westland Marston. Vol. I. (in two vols.). Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Cousin Bette. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Miss Parloa's New Cook Book. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

La Réve. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

GEOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION.

TEACHER: Willie, what is the Capital of Canada?

WILLIE: The money taken there by United States financiers and boodlers.

WHAT THEY THINK OF EACH OTHER.

"WHAT is the difference between the allopaths and the homœo-paths?" asked Mrs. Cumso of her husband.

"Oh," he replied, "the allopaths think the homœopaths are not ortho-docs."

A TRAIT OF CHILDHOOD.

"PA," said Bobby, who was reading the signs from an elevated train, "why do children cry for Catcher's Pastoria?"

FATHER (*immersed in his paper*): Because children are always crying for something they don't need.

ATTENDED TO.

SMITH (*to milkman*): I'll have to ask you to chalk it up.

MILKMAN (*abstractedly*): Oh, that's all been attended to—oh—er—beg your pardon; certainly, take your own time.

A SETTLEMENT.

SMITH: Say, Jones, give me a couple of dollars, will you?

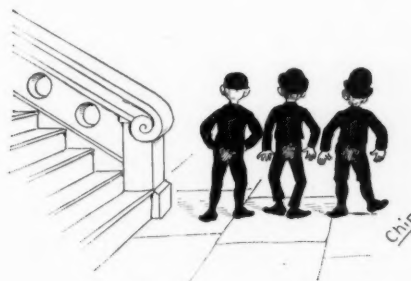
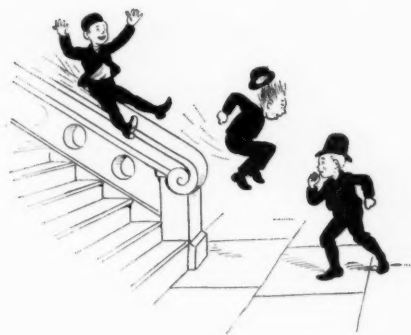
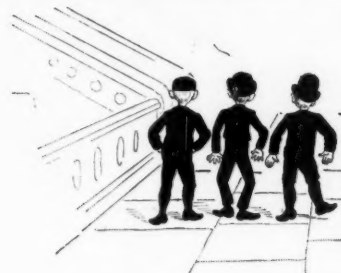
JONES: Certainly.

SMITH: Thanks. That will make four I owe you.

JONES: You will owe me nothing. I mean that you are to keep the two dollars you borrowed a year ago as a gift.

PERUVIAN bark is as bad as its bite.

THE EFFECT OF STONE UPON CLOTH.





THE WONDERS OF THE MA

WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS TO MR. WARD MCALLISTER AND HIS FOUR HUNDRED OF NOBLES, WITH
OF AN ARISTOCRACY TO WHOM THEY LOOK UP

• L E •



F T MAGNIFYING GLASS.

OF NOBILITY, WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT THOUGHTFUL AMERICANS APPRECIATE THE POSSESSION
M THEY COME UP WITH REVERENCE AND PRIDE.



OTHELLO.

[LIFE's regular dramatic critic being absent on his vacation, we are compelled to notice the appearance of Messrs. Booth and Barrett at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, by clipping from the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Ottumwa* (Ia.) *Herald-Advocate*.—ED.]

THOSE rising young actors, Messrs. Booth and Barrett, last evening produced a play called "Othello," by a more or less successful dramatist named Shakespeare. The piece is tolerably familiar to the readers of the *Herald-Advocate*, and does not call for extended notice. Suffice it to say that the action hinges on the jealousy of a "colored gent" named *Othello*, who kills his wife on evidence of infidelity which would not stand for five minutes even in a Chicago divorce court. He squares the account, though, by killing himself, and his fate was felt to be so well deserved that there was not a wet eye in the house.

* * *

THE first of Herr Seidl's concert course took place Saturday, the 10th of November, and if the others are equally good, the musical public may expect a treat.

The programme included principally Beethoven's beautiful pastoral symphony, an entr'acte of Von Weber's, and Liszt's "Bird Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi," which, perhaps not unlike the worthy Saint's remarks, was a trifle dull. The soloists, Mr. Conrad Ansorge and Master Fritz Kreissler, were highly satisfactory, and the evening was one of great interest.



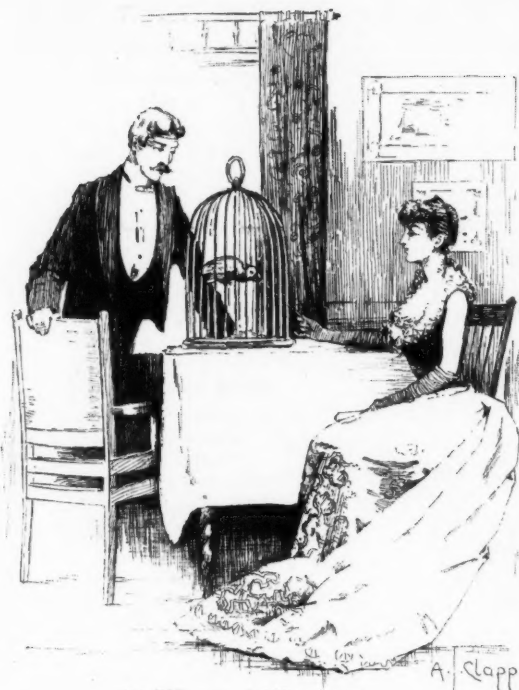
FROM A TOMB AT THEBES.

THIS DISCOVERY HAS LED ARCHÆOLOGISTS TO BELIEVE THE EARLY KINGS OF EGYPT WERE A PROFANE LOT, AND POSSESSED NO MORE SELF-CONTROL THAN THE MODERN AMERICAN.

TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

THE THRILLING STORY OF A HEARTLESS SHANGHAI AND A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE.





VARIETY THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Wife: NOW, JOHN SMITH, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU BUY THAT CHATTERING PARROT FOR?

Husband (absently): OH! FOR A CHANGE I SUPPOSE.

REFLECTIONS.

THE Hon. Joseph Chamberlain read himself when he begged the Cunard people not to put his name on their list, because he was going to get married and didn't want the Irish to know it. Let us hope that his Honor is taking a sound Home Ruler home with him, and that America's loss may be a real gain for Ireland.

THE dudes say they must have embroidered trousers. Why don't they tattoo their legs and go in kilts? Embroidered trousers! Oh, my! What's the good of dudes?

WHAT'S the matter with the *Post Express*? "*Post-Express!*" the gentle reader exclaims. What's the *Post-Express*? Who and where is the *Post-Express*?

The *Post-Express*, fair sir, is a journal out in Rochester, whose personal assaults on President Cleveland during the campaign were characterized by such a notable degree of vituperative ability as to have lately earned for it a free advertisement in *Puck*. A fortnight ago when that colored contemporary portrayed a dray-load of political properties that never will be missed now the fuss is over, the *Post-Express* was on top the heap.

Not for a moment during the campaign did the *Post-Express* fail to discern Mr. Cleveland's tail with a barbed end, his cloven hoof and his horns. It did the venomous, but well disciplined *Sun*, the good service of saying all that the *Sun* felt but hesitated to express; in recognition of which the *Sun* has quoted it, praised it, and otherwise advertised it for four months past with grateful persistency.



A GREAT DISCOVERY.

"HOORAY! Eureka," shrieked Wiggins, as he rose from his chair and brandished his Sunday newspaper in the air.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. W., nervously.

"Why, I've found an editorial regarding a piece of news which was not 'exclusively published in our issue of yesterday!' Where's Kane? — Where's Livingston? — Where's Prejevalsky?"

A MAIL-BAG—The capture of a husband.

A SCAB-BARD—The strolling musician.

A PIG-IRON KING—Carnegie.



Mrs. B.: MY DEAR MRS. S., WOULD YOU KINDLY LEND ME YOUR HAT FOR THE PLAY?

Mrs. S. (highly flattered): CERTAINLY, WITH PLEASURE. WHAT KIND OF A PART IS IT?

Mrs. B.: OH, IT IS ONE OF THOSE PARTS WHERE ONE WISHES TO LOOK AS ABSURD AS POSSIBLE—DON'T YOU KNOW?

INFALLIBLE INDICATIONS.

AT PALMER'S (ANCIENT WALLACK'S).

SHE: That is quite a large theatre party in front of us, love.

HE: But it is no theatre party, my dear. They are not all jabbering. They are watching the play.

A SEA CHANGE.

AT AN IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITION.

"HAVE you seen the portrait of Mrs. X?"

"The pretty brunette, do you mean?"

"Well—er—yes. But here she is a beautiful pea-green, with violet hair and pink eyes."

AT THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB.

WEARY VISITOR (drowsily): Considering how quiet you are here during the week, old man, I wonder what you do with yourselves on Sunday?

NATIVE (brightening at the thought): Spend them in New York.

A SHAMROCK—The Paste Diamond.

A "RAW"—HIDE—Court-plaster.

POLYGLOT.

O BELLE Marie,
Charmante aussi,
If thou couldst see
My love parfait,
Oh, wouldst thou, say,
Gleichgültig be?

Formosa tu,
Ich bin so blue,
So schwach and sad;
One smile I know,
Ex animo,
Would make me glad.

Puella fine,
One kiss of thine
Would so delight
Thy slave soumis,
'Twould dwell with me
Für ewigkeit.

Mais donc en tout,
So kalt bist du,
Most frigid she.
Mehercle! Is't so?
Then say it slow,
Thou'rt married? Oui?

Nathan M. Levy.



FASHIONS FOR WINTER.

"DOESN'T IT SEEM TO YOU, MOSES, THAT THESE SLEEVES ARE TOO LONG?"

"MEIN GOOTNESS, FRIEND! DOT VAS DE LATEST STYLE! VINTER VAS COMING ON, UND DE GREAT SECRET OF COMFORT VAS IN KEEPING YOUR WRISTS WARM!"



MISS BERG: You surely didn't shoot that poor, little, half-starved rabbit?

MR. NERO: Why, no; I wouldn't do a thing like that. He was coming out from under a wall, and I simply clubbed him with the butt of my gun, stamped on him, and to make sure he was mine, banged his head against a tree.—*Time*.

TEACHER: When does suicide become a crime?

SMART BOY: When it becomes a confirmed habit.

"Nonsense, sir. Why is suicide a crime?"

"Because it injures the health."—*Texas Siftings*.

WILMINGTON, MASS., NOV. 11.—Dr. Henry Hiller, who made \$3,000,000 in the manufacture of pills, was buried here to-day in a casket which cost \$9,000. Four coal-black horses carried him to a temporary brick tomb which cost \$500, on a catafalque which cost \$2,000, and at the tomb the casket was placed in a big red-cedar box, which cost \$250, held together by sixty big brass screws, which cost \$18. Owing to the fact that his life ended rather suddenly, another coffin equally magnificent, and intended to hold the first was not completed in time for to-day's service. When completed it will have cost as much as the other, and the two will be placed one within the other, inside of an oblong glass case three inches thick, to be built at a cost of \$300. The final resting-place, to be built at an estimated

cost of \$10,000, will be a tomb in the village burying-ground. After the remains were deposited to-day the widow locked the door and put the key in her pocket.—*New York World*.

"OH, William! How *ungenially* you said 'How d'y do?' to poor Professor Bloker!"

"Yes, indeed, Papa! And oh, how effusively you bade him 'Good-bye!'"—*Punch*.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

"WHY, old man, you look rattled. What's the matter?"

"Just been trying to make my tailor take fifty francs."

"Shouldn't think that would be much trouble."

"Yes, but he wanted three hundred and fifty, you know."

A FOREIGN newspaper announced last week that it was about to publish the biography of the handsomest woman in Paris. The next day the editor received 564,208 notes in feminine handwriting stating that the writers did not object to the publication of the article, but did not care to have their names mentioned.

AN epitaph:

Here lies
Heinrich Schenkelberger.
He leaves behind
A disconsolate widow
and
Eight fine heifers for sale.

"AND do you say I'm not a good watch-maker? No one ever left his watch here to be repaired that he didn't come a second time."

ADAM had one thing in his favor. Eve couldn't ask him whether he had ever loved any other woman before he met her.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia, says:
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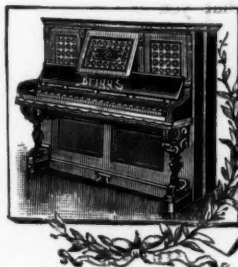
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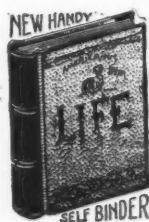
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